Gre. Naie, I dare not sweare it.
Tran. Then thou wert best say that I am not *Lucentio*.
Gre. Yes I know thee to be signior *Lucentio*.
Bap. Away with the dotard, to the laile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca

Vin. Thus strangers may be haild and abusd: oh monstrous villaine.
Bion. Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder hè is, denie him, forsweare him, or else wee are all vndone.
Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as fast as may be.
Luc. Pardon sweete father. *Kneele.*
Vin. Liues my sweete sonne?
Bian. Pardon deere father.
Bap. How hast thou offended, where is *Lucentio?*
Luc. Heere's *Lucentio*, right sonne to the right *Vincentio*,
That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes bleer'd thine eine.
Gre. Heere's packing with a witnesse to deceiue vs all.
Vin. Where is that damned villaine *Tranio*,
That fac'd and brau'd me in this matter so?
Bap. Why, tell me is not this my *Cambio?*
Bian. Cambio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.
Luc. Loue wrought these miracles. *Biancas* loue
Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*,
While he did beare my countenance in the Towne,
And happilie I haue arriued at the last
Vnto the wished hauen of my blisse:
What *Tranio* did, my selfe enforst him to;
Then pardon him sweete Father for my sake.
Vin. Ile slit the villaines nose that would haue sent me to the laile.
Bap. But doe you heare sir, haue you married my daughter without asking my good will?
Vin. Feare not *Baptista*, wee will content you, go to:
but I will in to be reueng'd for this villanie. *Exit.*
Bap. And I to sound the depth of this knauerie. *Exit.*
Luc. Looke not pale *Bianca*, thy father will not frowne.
Exeunt.

Gre. My cake is dough, but Ile in among the rest,

Out of hope of all, but my share o
Kate. Husband let's follow, t
Petr. First kisse me *Kate*, and
Kate. What in the midst of th
Petr. What art thou asham'd
Kate. No sir, God forbid, but
Petr. Why then let's home ag
Kate. Nay, I will giue thee a
Petr. Is not this well? com
Better once then neuer, for neuer

Actus Q

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gr
Bianca, Tranio, Bionde
The seruingmen
in a B

Luc. At last, though long,
And time it is when raging war
To smile at scapes and perils ou
My faire *Bianca* bid my father
While I with selfe same kindne
Brother *Petruchio*, sister *Kate*
And thou *Hortensio* with thy
Feast with the best, and welco
My banket is to close our stom
After our great good cheere:
For now wee sit to chat as wel
Petr. Nothing but sit and
Bap. Padua affoords this
Petr. Padua affords noth
Hor. For both our sakes I
Pet. Now for my life *Ho*
Wid. Then neuer trust m
Petr. You are very sensibl

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